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ONE PRICE TO ALL NEVER UNDERSOLD

THIS GREAT CLEARING SALE MEANS THE GREATEST SAVING TO THE LABORER AS WELL AS TO THE CAPITALIST

And thousands have taken advantage of this rare opportunity during the last eight days. Thousands have already been benefited, thousands are singing the praise of F. Auerbach & Bro.—why not you? Take a look at our show windows—see how the prices have been wrecked. The reductions are proportionate in every department. Now is the time to buy—for THIS GREAT CLEARING IS THE WONDER OF THE YEAR. It's up to you.

THE DOORS OPEN AT 9 O'CLOCK THIS MORNING

Of Interest to Women.

QUESTION OF INCOME.

BY BELLE MANIATES.

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"BUTTER DAY" little Susie Bradley always wiped the breakfast dishes. She was making but little progress with that occupation now, however, by reason of running to look out the window every few minutes. Although she took a handful of silver, a platter or a pile of plates with her on each trip, wiping as she went, she was not keeping pace with the help, who was washing the dishes.

"I saw, Susie, this is the tenth time you have gone to that window!"

"Oh, I can't wait to see her," sighed Susie. "I am so afraid the train is late."

The coming of the city cousin, Kathryn Randall, was always an event. The visit generally occurred in strawberry harvest time, but what could have induced her to come to the farm in November was beyond the combined conjectures of the Randall family. She had written a short note, saying she would be there that morning for a long visit.

"Can hardly wait for what, Susie?" asked a manly voice.

Susie looked up into the handsome face of Nell Milnes, one of the men from the city who was camping down on the river for the shooting season. It was Nell's turn to come for the milk and butter with which Mrs. Bradley supplied them.

"My cousin. She is coming to visit and, oh, she is so lovely and wears such beautiful clothes!"

Misses laughed, and walked out through the woodshed, and across fields of stubble to join their companions.

"I can just imagine the city cousin," he thought, "clad in a bargain shirt-suit and a picture hat from the bazaar at \$1.25, overwhelming the country folk about here with her style."

He heard the sound of running feet behind and turned, expecting to see a young colt, but it was Susie.

"Mother said I could go down to the river road and meet them and ride home with them."

"Your cousin will think she has fallen in love when she hears there are four city men on the premises," he suggested.

"Oh, she has lots of beaux," replied Susie loftily.

"Then she'll be sure to want more. Tell her we are all married, will you?"

Susie, however, had caught the sound of distant wheels and sped quickly away. Milnes met them riding in the democrat, Mr. Bradley and the luggage on the first seat, and Susie perched precariously on the back seat beside the most stunning looking girl that he had ever seen. Mr. Bradley reined up and presented Milnes to his niece, Miss Randall, who acknowledged the introduction cordially. Then they drove on, and Milnes, recalling her tailored traveling coat with the big bunch of violets fastened at the belt, the chic hat, the correct appointments of veil, gloves and parasol, also foreign-labeled steam-trunk, was amused at his preconception of the "city cousin."

He went on to the camp packing his things for a plausible errand to the farm house, but his wits, usually fertile, refused to suggest. Finally he resolved to go away and await an inspiration. When he reached the farm house he found Mrs. Bradley gowned to match her eyes of sapphire, was in the kitchen with her aunt. She hardly glanced at the young man a glance.

"Oh, Mr. Milnes, what can I do for you?" asked Mrs. Bradley.

"Why—oh, we want some more butter," he said, desperately.

"What have you done with all that you got this morning?" she exclaimed.

"Well, you see, it's Johnson's turn to cook, and he uses so much butter!"

Mrs. Bradley's eyes twinkled as she got a roll of butter while Susie gazed on and he could see that Miss Randall was amused, though she was quite ignoring his presence. Suddenly

it came to him in a flash that Susie had repeated his remarks. He turned to go and Mrs. Bradley said good-naturedly: "Susie, go as far as the barn with Mr. Milnes and show him where to get some cider."

On the way out he asked Susie anxiously if she had told what he said.

"Oh, yes," she replied cheerfully. He groaned.

"What did your cousin say?"

"She said you didn't look like such a cad!"

He winced and was silent for a moment. Then he said suddenly: "Say, Susie, is her father's name Wellman Randall?"

"Yes, Uncle Wendell is her father. He is awfully rich."

Of course he was. Every one knew of Wellman Randall, the successful speculator.

"I am sorry," he said half to himself.

"Why?" asked Susie indignantly. "Uncle Wellman is lovely."

"I know he is, but I wish he were poor."

Such a wish was beyond Susie's understanding, and she thought he was

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The next morning, to the surprise of his friends, he again offered to go for the milk.

"You're getting to be a good errand boy," laughed the others.

Just then he saw Mr. Bradley accompanied by his niece, who was irresistible in hunting costume, making for the boat landing, a short distance down stream. They were equipped with rifles, dog and game bags. He hastened to join them. Bradley was cordial and chatty, but Kathryn was distinctly indifferent and utterly ignored his hint to accompany them.

The next day, Sunday, the men were away from camp fishing, save Nell, whose turn it was to cook dinner. While in the tent he heard steps approaching, and then a fall. Going out he saw Susie sprawled on the ground by the side of a pumpkin pie. Both were quite disturbed on the surface.

"Oh, dear," sobbed Susie, "mother took such pains, and I walked so slow and careful all the way."

Milnes always had a tender sympathy with the woes of children. He picked Susie up in his arms and sat down in the hammock with her, kissing her gently and wiped away the rain of tears.

"See here, dear," he said soothingly, "the pie is all right. We can smooth it down, and if we can't, we'll call it pudding. You needn't tell anyone at the house, and the fellows won't know the difference. They'll think it's the proper style for a pie. You stay and watch me get dinner and help eat it, and then we'll have a boat ride."

Susie was quickly comforted. She was not used to being petted except by Cousin Kathryn, and her heart went straight into Nell's service henceforth.

"Cousin Kathryn is going to stay here and teach school, our teacher is ill and has gone away. Isn't that lovely?"

"What in the world is she going to do that for?" he asked in amazement.

"I mustn't tell. Cousin Kathryn told me it wasn't to repeat things."

Nell questioned no further. "It's some whim," he thought, "or a wager. She won't keep that up very long."

When Kathryn went to Susie's bedside that night for a little visit with her cousin, she casually mentioned Nell's name.

"The child sat up in bed, her eyes shining."

"I love him," she cried.

"What, Susie?"

Thereupon Susie confided the fate of the pie and told how he had kissed and comforted her. The next morning when Nell chanced to be strolling in the lane near the little school-house, he met Kathryn. To his surprise she stopped and spoke to him, smiling graciously.

"Susie told me how good you were to her," she said.

"Susie is a darling," he exclaimed, "and my Miss Randall, if I can help you in the school, or anyway—"

She laughed.

"Oh, I can manage the school all right. I understand children."

"I shall come and see how you get on," he declared.

He appeared in the schoolroom the very next day and announced that he had come to "visit." She was provoked, but she could not turn him out. She had written some words on the blackboard for the pupils to use in sentences. She now pointed to the first one, "Income."

"Who can make a sentence and use that word correctly?" she asked.

"Do call on that little fat boy for a sentence, or he'll wring his hand off," whispered Nell.

She gave the youngster the floor and he jumped to his feet in triumph, yelling:

"In come a rat!"

That was too much for Nell's composure and he gave way to an infectious fit of laughter, in which teacher and scholars joined.

"You had better go now," she said to the visitor.

"If I promise not to come in again, may I come every afternoon and row you and Susie home by the river way?"

She consented to this arrangement, and thenceforth came haleyday days to Nell and Susie, at least.

November vanished and so did the hunters, save Nell, who lingered and, upon Mrs. Bradley's invitation, took up his quarters at the farm house. He was very happy except when he remembered how paltry his income would appear in comparison with Miss Randall's millions. Susie used to watch him closely when he was in one of these reveries, and her warm little heart, enlightened by her affection for Nell, divined the cause. She reached a decision. Her opportunity came that evening. She went to the barn to hold the lantern for Nell while he got some cider.

"I am going to tell you why Cousin Kathryn teaches school," she said bluntly.

"Oh, but you shouldn't, Susie! Didn't she tell you not to?"

"No, she didn't say not to tell that especially. Besides, every one knows but you. You know you wished Uncle Wellman was poor?"

"Yes," he said, his heart beating with hope.

"He is now. He lost everything he had in a minute, and he sent Cousin Kathryn here to stay while he went west to make some more money, and she would teach so to help him."

"Susie, Susie, you are my good angel!" he cried in delight.

The light of love and hope so transfigured his countenance that Kathryn turned pale when she saw him. When the Bradley family had considerably come to bed at an earlier hour than usual, Nell told Kathryn all that was in his heart.

"Dear!" he said reproachfully, "why didn't you tell me of your father's loss?"

She looked at him mischievously.

"I was afraid you'd think I was imagining myself 'in clover.' Besides, it shouldn't be a question of income—"

"A rat!" he finished, laughing.

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THE NINTH DAY OF THE

GREATEST PRICE SLASHING

This great store ever had starts this morning and it is safe to say that in the eight days that have passed more first-class merchandise has been distributed among the people of Utah at bargain prices than was ever known before.

SOCIETY

BRADFORD and Clint B. Leigh were the only ones present. The groom is connected with the Mutual Life Insurance company of New York and has for several years been popularly known. The bride is a very charming daughter of the South, who has made many friends here during former visits. Last evening a few friends were entertained at dinner at the Wilbur by Mr. and Mrs. Wing, who will be at home to their friends after July 1 at 35 West First South street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Geoghegan will entertain about forty friends informally at their home this evening.

Mrs. Charles Lawrence is home from the Walker farm, where she has been visiting for the past three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Mackenzie are receiving the congratulations of their friends over the arrival of a little daughter at their home.

Mrs. Phoutz and Miss Margaret Harris leave today for Brighton to spend the summer.

Dr. Frank B. Steele expects to leave the early part of the week for a visit in Chicago.

Mrs. Robert G. Wilson has returned from the East, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. John B. King of Texarkana, Tex., who will spend the summer in Salt Lake.

Karl Scheld is spending the week in Logan.

Mrs. U. V. Withee of Ogden is in town and will be the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Pike, for a few days.

Very enjoyable was the strawberry festival at Rowland Hall last evening, given under the auspices of St. Mark's guild. The trees were thickly hung with Chinese lanterns and the lawn was dotted with small tables, where refreshments were served by society girls. A gaily colored train of floats, the entire length of the parade, was devoted to the fund for refurbishing the cathedral.

Isaac Russell has just returned from Stanford, where he took the degree A. B. in the class of 1904. For two years during his college course Mr. Russell was editor of the college paper, the Chaparral, and one year editor of the Quad.

The principal events of today will be the tea at the home of Mrs. Ezra Thompson, the luncheon at the home of Mrs. F. S. Bascorn, the wedding of Miss Pinkerton and Mr. Moore at the Central Christian church this evening, and the informal afternoon at the home of Miss Weiler.

George Y. Wallace, Jr., left yesterday morning for New Haven, Conn., to attend the annual reunion of the members of his class.

Mrs. B. H. Pinkerton gave an informal luncheon yesterday at the Fifth East hotel.

Waldemar Young, so well known here, is expected the latter part of this month to visit for a few days with relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Stevenson and little daughter, who are visiting at the home of Mr. Stevenson, will spend the summer in Atchison, Kan., and Kansas City, Mo., returning to Salt Lake in the fall.

A Japanese graduate of Harvard and Columbia universities was the center of a group who were discussing the war in the far East and the development of the people of Japan. He cited the interesting fact that there is no such thing as a court-martial in the Japanese army. If an officer or a soldier is palpably guilty of cowardice, of crime or a breach of discipline his punishment is to be sent home; nothing more. That is enough, however, as the culprit invariably commits suicide.

A quiet wedding which will be of deep interest to friends in this city and several cities of the South was solemnized yesterday morning at 11 o'clock in St. Paul's Episcopal church, when Miss Mary Lowe Manning of Aberdeen, Miss., became the bride of Samuel C. Wing, formerly of Kentucky, who was later used for a resident of this city. Rev. George C. Huntington performed the ceremony, the bride being attended by Miss Phila Ford of Kentucky, and the groom by M. B. Brothers, formerly of Aberdeen but now of this city. Aside from these, J. D.



PARIS MUSLIN AND LACE.

CORSET COVER 4053.

Every woman of taste likes to be the possessor of dainty underwear, well made and carefully fitted. This very simple little corset cover is shaped on admirable lines and combines perfect smoothness at the back with becoming fullness over the bust and can be made so readily and easily as to commend it to every seeker after desirable garments. As shown, the material is Paris muslin with trimming of lace, but any of the materials in use for underwear can be substituted and trimming can be either lace or embroidery. To make the corset cover for a woman of medium size will require one and one-half yards of material thirty-six inches wide. A May Mantor pattern, No. 4053, sizes thirty-two to forty-two, will be mailed to any address by the fashion department of this paper on receipt of 10 cents.

Send to
Size
Pattern No. (Ten Cents Inclosed.)
As orders are filled from the East, it will require about ten days from receipt of order to receive patterns.

BABY'S VOICE

Is the joy of the household, for without it no happiness can be complete. How sweet the picture of mother and babe, angels smile at and commend the thoughts and aspirations of the mother bending over the cradle. The ordeal through which the expectant mother must pass, however, is so full of danger and suffering that she looks forward to the hour when she shall feel the exquisite thrill of motherhood with indescribable dread and fear. Every woman should know that the danger, pain and horror of child-birth can be entirely avoided by the use of Mother's Friend, a scientific liniment for external use only, which toughens and renders pliable all the parts, and assists nature in its sublime work. By its aid thousands of women have passed this great crisis in perfect safety and without pain. Sold at \$1.00 per bottle by druggists. Our book of priceless value to all women sent free. Address READFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

Bait is not the only thing you need on a fishing trip. A box of Cressida cigars are a great help. A great smoke for high-class consumers.

RIEGER & LINDLEY,
"The Whiskey Merchants."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson